

This Gadfly

Count Zero

These imperfections,
These infections
That all of you introduced me to
(when I was waddling,
Wrapped in swaddling,
One or two),
Have become habits,
Automatic,
Second nature. I hope you're happy
With these beasts like me you've made.
'Cause we're sick boys and
We've been poisoned
But by your standards we're just fine
Especially when we make your grade.

So here you have "La
Ferme de Pavlov."
Here we are, mouths watering over
Girls and guns.
But I won't race in-
To formation
Like the others if the big flood ever comes.
'Cause I've got theorems
They're the serums
For diseases you disseminate.
See Reason's Might hide
In my right eye.
Look at my left, it's full of dreams.
I open one up, close the other
Depending on the situation.
I'm perfecting how to operate.

So that when the Flood comes
This Gadfly flies away.